

College Cheer

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XIII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1921.

NO. 12.

St. Joe Gets Bad Start On Schedule.

LOCALS SUSTAIN THREE DEFEATS AT HANDS OF OLD RIVALS.

ST. JOE 2 — ST. CYRIL 8.

St. Joe crossed bats on a foreign field the first time of the season when they met St. Cyril last Sunday at Whiting. The locals gave a good account of themselves for the greater part of the game, but one inning when Whiting stubbornly insisted on knocking the balls into Lake Michigan proved to be the rub of the affair. The Whiting men seemed to have a peculiar knack of lining the pill sharply over third whence the drop to the lake was less than the distance a good ball naturally goes. The Ump, far be it from us to dispute his worthy decisions, seemed more than set on making things hard for the visitors by declaring several apparent fouls, that dropped into the pond, legitimate sackers. Left field was described as fully fortified against any batter's harmful tactics by a steep embankment, but otherwise, the odds were practically even.

Not to detract any from the credit of their victory, St. Cyril must be given full recognition for the classy game they put up. Many of the players proved to be real "sharks" in their department. The locals look forward to a speedy turning of the tables in the near future.

The Plays.

FIRST INNING.

St. Joe: O'Brien grounds out to P. Bodney. Schulte singled, but caught napping at first. Werner grounds to McSimob.

St. Cyril: R. Stafko and Kaminsky struck out. P. Bodney got on base on error by Kasper. Jonet grounds out to O'Brien. Score, St. Joe 0, St. Cyril 0.

SECOND INNING.

St. Joe: Fehrenbacher singled, Kasper sacrifices, Rose took three swings and Sloan flies out to Semancik.

St. Cyril: Senchoke reaches second on Werner's error. Semancik singles scoring Senchake. J. Bodney pops out to Fehrenbacher, meanwhile Semancik tries second but fails. Furtyo struck out. Score: St. Joe 0, St. Cyril 1.

THIRD INNING.

St. Joe: Linder grounds to Kaminsky. Boehnlein singled and Schulte puts an error over R. Stafko, scoring Boehnlein. Werner singled, but

ST. JOE 2 — ST. PROCOPIUS 7.

St. Procopius, of last fall's football memory, proved to be a much harder proposition when they met the Purple and Red on the home diamond, Sunday, May 1st. The day was cold and not very conducive either to good playing or to a lot of pep on the part of the rooters, but the latter stuck out the game chilled to the marrow. The game was neck and neck until the eighth when well placed hits on the part of the visitors gave them a margin of four markers. The locals could not overcome the lead after playing top-shape for the better part of the contest. Laux gave a good account of himself on the mound registering nine strike outs against his opponent's four. He allowed five hits against Sosnit's eight. The visitors' strong support and timely hits were features of the game.

FIRST INNING.

St. Procopius: Hayes flied to Kasper. Valko flied to Schulte. Votava grounded out. No runs, no hits.

St. Joe: O'Brien grounded out. Schulte singled, but was caught trying to steal second. Werner walked. Fehrenbacher flied to Hayes. No runs, 1 hit.

SECOND INNING.

St. Procopius: F. Mastney doubled. Surcik struck out. V. Mastney was safe on Schulte's error; Sosnit was also safe on Schulte's error scoring F. Mastney. V. Mastney was put out trying to steal third. Andre grounded out. One run, 1 hit.

St. Joe: Rose doubled but was out on Kasper's fielder's choice. Sloan flied to Surcik. Linder struck out but was safe as Valko missed last strike. Laux safe on Andre's error, filling the bases. O'Brien flied out. No runs, 1 hit.

THIRD INNING.

St. Procopius: Subik fanned. Hayes was hit by a pitched ball. Valko grounded out. Votava singled scoring Hayes. F. Mastney flied to O'Brien. 1 run, 1 hit.

St. Joe: Schulte struck out. Werner was hit by a pitched ball, but out at second on Fehrenbacher's fielder's choice. Fehrenbacher was caught stealing third. No runs, no hits.

FOURTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Surcik and V. Mastney fanned. Sosnit grounded out. No runs, no hits.

St. Joe: Rose and Kasper singled. Sloan hit to
(Continued on page two, Col. 2.)

was caught trying to make second.

St. Cyril: McSimob popped to Fehrenbacher, R. Stafko took three swings; Kaminsky put one in the lake for a two bagger, but P. Bodney high flied to Rose. Score: St. Joe 1, St. Cyril 1.

FOURTH INNING.

St. Joe: Fehrenbacher grounds out to Bodney, Kasper follows suit, Rose walks and Sloan pops to P. Bodney.

St. Cyril: Jonet starts out with a single, Senchake flies to Rose, Semancik gets on by an error through Schulte, but J. Bodney grounds out to Werner. Score: St. Joe 1, St. Cyril 1.

FIFTH INNING.

St. Joe: Linder pops to Jonet, Boehnlein rolls out to Jonet, O'Brien walks, Schulte grounds to Jonet.

St. Cyril: Opat is replaced for Furtyo, Opat takes three big swings, McSimob flies to Sloan; R. Stafko starts the rally by making a single, Kaminsky follows suit with the second one in the lake. Opat and Jonet follow with singles, Senchake was hit by a pitched ball, but Semancik takes three strikes ending the inning. Score: St. Joe 1, St. Cyril 4.

SIXTH INNING.

St. Joe: Werner fans, Fehrenbacher singled and stole second, Kasper singles bringing Fehrenbacher in. Rose grounds to McSimob and Sloan fans.

St. Cyril: J. Bodney reaches first on an error by Werner. McSimob... pops... to Schulte, Opat grounds out to O'Brien and R. Stafko pops to Schulte. Score: St. Joe 2, St. Cyril 4.

SEVENTH INNING.

St. Joe: Linder fans, Boehnlein was hit by a pitched ball, O'Brien singles, but Schulte and Werner fan.

St. Cyril: Kaminsky singles, P. Bodney and Jonet lose two balls in the lake. Senchake singles. Simon replaces Semancik and puts another ball in the lake. Fehrenbacher replaces Boehnlein on the mound for St. Joe. The first ball put across on J. Bodney, Linder makes a fine peg to second and catches Simon sleeping. J. Bodney flies to Kasper, but Opat was not satisfied with three balls in the lake so he places one of Fehrenbacher's wizards for a two bagger, losing another ball. McSimob grounded out to O'Brien, completing the inning. Score: St. Joe 2, St. Cyril 8.

EIGHTH INNING.

St. Joe: Fehrenbacher grounds out to P. Bodney, Kasper popped to Kaminsky and Rose took three swings.

St. Cyril: R. Stafko high flied to Rose, Kaminsky struck out and P. Bodney flied to Kasper. Score: St. Joe 2, St. Cyril 8.

NINTH INNING.

St. Joe: Sloan grounded to P. Bodney, Linder got by on an error through first, Boehnlein rolled out to P. Bodney and O'Brien popped to P. Bodney. Final Score: St. Joe 2, St. Cyril 8.

SCORE BY INNINGS:

St. Joe:									
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9 Tot.
Runs	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2
Hits	1	1	2	0	0	2	1	0	7

St. Cyril:									
Runs	0	1	0	0	3	0	4	0	— 8
Hits	0	1	1	1	4	0	6	0	—13

Stolen bases: R. Stafko 2, Senchake 1.

Sarifice hits: Kasper, O'Brien, Sloan.

Two base hits: Kaminsky 2, Opat, P. Bodney, Jonet and Simon.

St. Joe 2 — St. Procopius 7.

F. Mastney, St. Procopius making a double play, Rose and Sloan were out. Linder flied to Surcik. No runs, 2 hits.

FIFTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Andre grounded out. Subik walked, but was put out on Hayes' grounder to short. Hayes was put out stealing second. No runs, no hits.

St. Joe: Laux and O'Brien singled. Schulte fouled out. Werner hit to Hayes, who muffed the ball; Laux scored, but O'Brien was put out. Fehrenbacher safe on fielder's choice, but Werner put out on second. 1 run, 2 hits.

SIXTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Valko flied out. Votava walked. F. Mastney was safe on Werner's error. Votava was out on fielder's choice, Surcik being safe. V. Mastney struck out. No runs, no hits.

St. Joe: Rose flied to Surcik. Kasper and Sloan grounded out. No runs, no hits.

SEVENTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Sosnit and Andre retired on strikes. Subik flied to Rose. No runs, no hits.

St. Joe: Linder beat Hayes' peg to first. Laux grounded out. O'Brien singled, scoring Linder. Schulte and Werner flied out. 1 run, 2 hits.

EIGHTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Hayes was safe on first. Valko singled. Votava safe on fielder's choice. F. Mastney fouled out. Surcik singled scoring Hayes and Valko. V. Mastney was safe on Werner's error, Votava and Surcik scoring. Sosnit fanned. Andre was hit by a pitched ball. Subik struck out. 4 runs, 3 hits.

St. Joe: Fehrenbacher singled. Rose and Kasper struck out. Fehrenbacher was caught stealing home. No runs, 1 hit.

NINTH INNING.

St. Procopius: Hayes received a base on balls. Valko singled, Votava flied out. F. Mastney singled scoring Hayes. Surcik struck out. V. Mastney grounded out. 1 run, 2 hits.

St. Joe: Sloan fouled out. Linder walked. Laux struck out; O'Brien grounded out. No runs, no hits.

FINAL SCORE: St. Procopius 7, St. Joe 2.

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EDITOR, COLLEGE CHEER,
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Saturday, May 14, 1921.

EDITORIALS.

We have "knocked to boost" and we have found our work more than appreciated. But just so long as the beaming rays of praise did shine forth a spontaneous refraction resulted: alas, however, when a sincere opinion was candidly expressed! Our slogan has been our North Star, and under its guidance we had hoped to anchor in safety. We have weathered the sea together, we have met time and again in gentle exchange of thought, but now that our acquaintance must soon, too soon, be broken, we feel that a bit of explanation on our part is necessary. Our watch-word has made us critical at times, nevertheless not so much to "knock" as to "boost." To see the fault is an easy matter, but to suggest a correction is by no means an easy and pleasing task. Beset by our enigma we, for earnest effort, gave our frank opinion, hoping thereby to perform a service. Still unsympathetic eyes have given meagre encouragement. Dissuaded not in the least, we are resolute to finish the task so nobly begun, and recalling the words of that famous statesman of ours, who ever showed himself a benefactor, we say. "With malice towards none, with charity for all."

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF THE CROSS.

My friends: The subject I have chosen touches close upon an instinct most common among men, — the involuntary prompting of the human mind to glorify whatever it conceives as extraordinary and distinguished in man. Once glorified, mortal name and mortal deeds, stand out in strong relief against the ages, taking on an immortality from the very oblivion that overshadows them. Call this hero-worship — or what we will, it remains a stubborn quality of our nature.

But today, in this age of scientific method, for material ends, do we, in contemplating the sources of our prosperity, point to the large-type names of the day, and say, with full consent of our better selves: "This is truly a great man?" Money, industry, commerce, diplomacy, force of arms, — by these do we maintain our prosperity, further

our progress, and insure our peace. But what is the measure of their service, and what is the type of hero they produce? The world has but lately emerged from her conflict, like the toad from hell, dripping with the ooze of war, and covered with the mud of shame. We have heard War, War, till our ears rebel. Now we are hearing of the effects of war; and the story is only more appalling in its complexity. For, after all, we can but vaguely forecast the ultimate universal result of this war. But we cannot choose but wonder why in the name of humanity, why in the name of Heaven, some champion did not arise, and grasp the grandest opportunity of the ages to render immortal service to mankind. The man who did arise, the cynosure of a world mad for peace and surcease of bloodshed, is today a spectacle for tears. No less the foreign lords of war, who, while they promised the good of humanity, sat, pondering the distribution of the spoils. And need I tell you that the British lion, like his brother in the fable, chuckling over the asinine obtuseness of the donkey, consumed the hind quarters of the prey?

But is it not encouraging that, under the very eye of this god Mars, men are preaching the gospel of Christian Charity, and cultivating the arts of peace? Does it not seem a timely intervention of Providence that, while men are dying and nations are falling to ruin, other men in distant lands are sowing the seed of future empire? Who are these men? They are the Knighthood of the Cross, an army of the greatest human benefactors the world has seen since the Master walked among men, an army who gave to Christopher Columbus his access to the court of Spain, who braved with him the perils of an uncharted sea, and celebrated the great discovery with the first Holy Mass on the soil of the New World. When the dying chivalry of Europe ventured into the New World for conquest, it was these missionaries who accompanied the adventurers, checked their savage ambitions and turned a bloody field of battle to a rich harvest of good. Go to Madrid, and stand before the statue of the great Las Casas, the friend of the Indians, who dedicated the whole of his mature life to the service of the American natives. So like a child in his simplicity, so like a man in his earnest strength, Las Casas fought for the oppressed natives. At Caraquey, he defended them against the brutality of the Spanish soldiers. He wrote a complete history of their lives; and at the age of ninety two, he journeyed to Madrid to plead their cause at the court of Spain. The early colonization of our own country is but the history of Catholic missionaries in America from 1539 to 1700. Recall the work of Fathers Jogues and Breboeff among the Hurons, and ask yourself if the "angel of martyrdom is not a brother to the angel of victory." With the piety of saints, the zeal of apostles, the patience of martyrs, these black robed men of God labored, bled, died, to lay in our beautiful country the foundation of all true civilization in any country — Christianity.

To work the slightest will of Heaven is to serve the highest interests of earth. But to serve men for personal gain or glory is but a tainted heroism, is no heroism at all. And in the light of that

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WE INVITE YOURS

COLLEGE INN

ICE CREAM, CANDIES and LUNCHES

truth do we come to see how grand is the self-effacing labor of the Catholic missionary. When Father Marquette looked out upon the broad Mississippi, he saw a new avenue of civilization. The hand of time, he knew, would work a magic change upon the wilderness about him. Along the banks of the great river, cities would rise, material prosperity would flourish. But at that moment it was his supreme satisfaction to know that henceforth over the ample bosom of that river would move the spirit of Christian Charity, carried on by the winds of heaven, bearing in its right hand the emancipating cross, penetrating and illuminating in further regions the darkness of error, superstition and savagery.

So, while lust for gold, power and dominion, sent explorers to the shores of America, devotion, sacrifice and love, sustained the nobler enterprise of the Knighthood of the Cross. And these virtues constitute the invulnerable heroism of the men they adorned. Why is it, my friends, that the world can still shed a tear for the peasant girl of France, who died at the stake in Rouen, five hundred years ago, while the man who but yesterday trod down empires, imprisoned the Vicar of Christ, and made his name a terror to Continental Europe, can pass away, a hated exile, on the rocks of St. Helena? Why? Because "the evil that men do lives after them," because "foul deeds will rise, though all the world o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes;" because a small soul and a selfish motive can inspire no man to the performance of noble deeds.

During his Egyptian campaign, just before taking Alexandria, Napoleon addressed his troops. Standing within sight of the pyramids, there in the shadow of the antiquity, he said: "Soldiers, you are masters of the modes of warfare. Europe has her eyes upon you. You are about to undertake a conquest, of which the effects upon the civilization and commerce of the world, is incalculable. The first city you are to meet was founded by Alexander. Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you from the summits of these pyramids. Woe, eternal woe, to those who take up arms against us. There is no hope for them. They will perish. Is there a man so blind as not

to see that Destiny itself directs my operations." What blind conceit! what monstrous egotism! what damnable pride!

But picture now the Knight of the Cross in the field of battle. Before his little flock he stands, the leader and the protector. "My brothers, we are warriors against a common enemy, as we are children of a common Father. We are not masters of the modes of our warfare; but where we lack a practiced arm we throw the full courage of an undaunted soul. We have but one object to gain — the eternity of the soul within us, your claim and my claim to an equal standing with the greatest of the earth. I am here to lead you to that victory; to find my way into your hearts, and to make them fit homes for lofty thoughts and fine emotion; I am here to break the shackles that bind you, reason and will, to the worship of your hideous deities, to make you free sons of a Faith divine." And thus, he draws them to him with the eloquence of sincerity, he controls them with the hand of impartial gentleness, he wins them with the deeds of love.

The Knight of the Cross is today the same courageous warrior that he has ever been. He lives the gospel he preaches. He teaches Christian Charity, and he exemplifies it in his life. He is the embodiment of self-sacrifice and humility, of enduring strength and confident courage. If you can conceive a finer instance of personal virtue, the world cannot be the worse for your intelligence. The shame of it is that we have raised no worthy memorial to the lives and labors of these men, who have left to every civilized nation under Heaven an invaluable heritage. The past has paid them little tribute, the present pays them less. Why? Because God is dethroned and Mammon deified; because two spirits of a different hue will ever war in the heart of man, one pointing benignly to the poverty and misery of a world that lies within the shadow of the cross, the other beckoning to the luring splendor of a world beyond that shadow.

Yes, war will continue to take its toll of death, and history will go on recording the deeds of heroism. The world in its blind revolution will be loath to number among its honored dead, martyrs

who suffer pains, but miss the palm; heroes who sink into an obscure grave, conquerors who never hear their victories heralded to the world. It will remain the portion of true worth to be too often slighted and too often scorned. But the truth will stand impervious to our slander and our reproach. The Knighthood of the Cross, because its virtues are the rare, the cloistered and the outcast of the world, we turn from it and lend our eloquence to the extolment of a lesser heroism. But all the while we feel the presence of a higher judge, whose verdict reads: Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon. Behold human grandeur, transitory materiality, dross! Bartholomew Las Casas, Isaac Joques, Joseph Damien. Behold human virtue, immortal spirituality, gold!

Enthusiasm Marks Sixteenth Annual Oratory Contest.

Enthusiasm marked the supreme moments of the oratory contest of May 5, and needless to say, the greatest enthusiast won the contest. "The Knighthood of the Cross" was a treat to the audience. Next in merit were the "Comedy of Errors" and the "Smith Towner Bill." Variety in the orators' subject matter was excellent, yet there was no topic which had not at least a national bearing on problems of the greatest import today. The "Comedy of Errors" was an ingenious exposition of the inconsistencies of diplomatic craftsmen and a political freak. The other titles are self-explanatory. Presiding at the contest was Father Conroy of Crawfordsville, Ind. The order of merit in the estimation of the judges, the Rev. Fathers Hordeman, Rachor and Koester is as follows:

1. Knighthood of the Cross Leo Pursley.
2. Comedy of Errors James O'Brien
3. The Smith Towner Bill Herman Depweg.
4. A Minimum Wage Law Simeon Schmitt.
5. Disarmament and World Ideals, Carl Holsinger
6. The Proposed Bonus for Our Soldiers Paul Greenwell.
7. Social Centers Urban Rauh.

State Normal Hands Locals a Severe Drubbing. 25 -- 3.

St. Joe received a severe drubbing from the hands of State Normal last Saturday afternoon. The locals seemed void of pep, and errors at critical moments proved exceedingly costly. The game started up the flue in the opening, the teachers crossing the rubber six times. Even then the fans had expectations, for the start seemed more than usual off expectations. Fehrenbacher looked as if he would start the works to win, when in the second he drove the pill far into left center for a triple sacker. Kasper singled, scoring Fehrenbacher, but that seemed as much as the locals could do until the last two innings when two more scores were made. The Normals played consistent ball and worked smoothly and certainly in pinches.

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C. L. S. Meets.

The C. L. S. met for the last time of the scholastic year on Sunday, May 1st. The main business transacted was the executive committee's report on the cast for the Commencement play. A Parliamentary Law class was held. A motion to the effect of having a smoker and presenting a box of "smokes" to the esteemed Parliamentary Law teacher marked the final business of the day.

Crawfordsville Plays Midgets.

On Thursday afternoon we were given a rare treat in the baseball line when Fr. Conroy's team of graders played the Midget collegers. The Crawfordsville aggregation were a little outclassed in size, nevertheless they put up a classy brand of ball for youngsters, proving themselves to be coming stars. The final score stood 12 -- 3. We all had our bit of fun out of the clever village boys and can look forward with pleasure to more visits from them.

First Juniors Wallop Winamac 24 to 9.

The First Juniors, by knocking the ball to every corner of the lot and aided by the wildness of Shank, came out victorious Sunday in their first game 24 to 9. Neff, for the Juniors, pitched a good game of ball. His opponent, Shank, always seemed to be in deep water, sixteen hits being garnered off him while not a single strike out could be marked up to his credit. The snappy playing of the First Juniors is largely due to the coach who rounded them into shape.

All Stars Show Real Baseball Spirit, Trimming St. X. 3 to 2.

In an exciting game on Sunday, May 8, the St. Joe All Stars won a hard fought victory over St. X. Flynn pitched wonderful ball and with his support was almost invincible. Hennes being at bat for the luminaries was a real hindrance for the St. X. players; he also starred at the bat driving out the ball that scored the winning run in the seventh. All the players on both teams were up to the mark, only two errors being made during the entire battle. Lucks, for the St. X. pitched a good game of ball, but his support weakened in the pinches. Due appreciation goes to the All Stars and St. X. Reps for giving us a fine game to fill out the morning's pastime.

Varsity Topples St. X.

In a slaughter match Thursday afternoon St. Joe left the south siders in the lurch defeating

them by a fifteen to twelve score. In the main the game was well played, although the score does not seem to indicate it. Both teams together made a total of twenty-nine hits, three being homers clouted out by Kasper, O'Brien and Lucks. Lucks made his in the fourth with the bases clogged, and for a while things looked bad for the home boys. In the last half of the fourth O'Brien brought in two men before him with his four sacker. Werner, however, carried off the batting honors of the day, getting four hits in five trips to the plate.

Prof: "Who was Cyclops?"

Hennes: "He was the fellow that wrote the Cyclopedia."

Rick: "What did Stalzer say when Kelly called him a liar?"

Moody: "Nothin' much."

Rick: "That's funny. Stalzer used to be a hot-tempered guy."

Moody: "Well he never said a word except, 'Have ye had enough yet?'"

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CHATTY CHATTER.

One Year Ago Today.

We couldn't find very much that happened on this day one year ago. Just naturally a lazy May day, ideal for baseball.

Two Years Ago Today.

A Sunday. Several league games played off in the morning. A team from Rensselaer beat the "Knockouts" 9 -- 0. Annual Turner Program was held in the evening.

* * * * *

If you want to get any medals next commencement better start studying now — the flies may bother you later.

The burning question for many of the Juniors is whether that pants warmer at the club is an inch or only half an inch thick.

The Varsity advises the next team that plays in Whiting to equip themselves with bathing suits beforehand. Every time a fellow runs to first he has to slide to keep from falling into the lake.

Leach is the coming "Knockout Kid." He has been carrying a terrific wallop on his left the last few days. Ask him what that brick was used for, we forget the technical name.

The memories of the year are fast coming to a close. Band concerts on Sunday evenings give us that good old feeling we generally have just a few weeks before commencement time.

Talking about good feelings, how would you like to be one of those baseballs the Juniors are hammering around in some of their sensational games?

Didn't we tell you all the time Kelly was a bright boy? One of the professors asked him to write a periodic sentence on the blackboard and this is what he wrote. "Everybody is welcome to see the pictures I have in my desk, of the New York Giants' home run swatter, George Kelly."

The other day we caught young Bob Stock in the act of reading "The Life of Abe."

"Swift" Miller undoubtedly got HIS from the St. X. Mgr. for dropping that fly ball in last Sunday's All Star game. We haven't any hard feelings against him for the lift he accidentally gave us.

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Under the reign of Saturn men lived in perfect peace, if we can take the poet's word. That must have been before lakes were invented for the purpose of ducking students.

It was suggested that some of the oratory contestants go to Pres. Harding with their eager appeals for various reforms. Remember that old saying, "Discretion is the better part of valor." We advise conservation of the egg supply, and that's why we think the plan hardly feasible.

Hepp says about the only thing he cares for now is a lot of liniment. His back is sore yet from swinging on that Crawfordsville pitcher's gravity drops.

We were just glancing over one of the big dailies

the other day when we came upon the following headline "Jam in Coal Expected." Gosh, it's hard telling where a fellow's liable to be getting his eats from pretty soon.

Which just reminds us to tell you — dish out your heated arguments cold, — they aren't good warmed up.

Werner: "Paul, why are you so far behind in your studies?"

Rose: "So I can pursue them."

Prof.: "Kelly, what is dust?"

Kelly: "Mud with the juice squeezed out."

Prof.: "Linder, how much time did you spend on your Trig?"

Linder: "Nine hours."

Prof.: "How's that? You do not give evidence of it."

Linder: "I put it under my mattress and slept on it."

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